

BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXIX.

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NO. 1,492.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALICE G. FOLGER, EDITOR. M. FOLGER.

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County Official Press.

OFFICIAL SECRETARY.

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County Clerk and Tax Collector Joseph A. Brown.

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Superintendent of the Prison William Colman.

Superintendent of the Jail William Stewart.

Superintendent of the Workhouse Henry A. Fills.

Board of Supervisors holds Regular Sessions

at the County Court House, Bridgeport, on the First

Monday of January, April, July and October.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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1864.

1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION,

THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the

Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

The Oldest and Leading Paper in

MONO COUNTY.

THE

OFFICIAL PRESS.

AND RELIABLE

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

OF THE COUNTY.

Published Saturdays at

THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

THE BEST OF

JOB PRINTING OF

EVERY

DESCRIPTION

AT THE

LOWEST RATES.

A LEGEND OF MAINE.

Magical Circumstances Connected With

The Building of a Church.

Residents in a certain seaport town of Lincoln County remember a singular circumstance connected with the erection of its oldest church, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. There is a deal of superstition as native to these ledges as the ill-smelling rockweed.

The townspeople were very poor when the old church was built. The actual amount of money given toward it was very small indeed. Hardly a person in town but contributed some material, however. In the northern part, close by a cove whose banks were mantled with beautiful moss, after the first few feet of cliff, and crowned with sturdy trees and straight, stalwart pines, lived a man noted for other things than generosity. The soliciting committee put off asking for his contribution until others had poured in and the church was a sure thing. Then they waited upon him and said: "Mr. Blank, we want that monster pine of yours for your contribution to the church. It will make an excellent sill; will you give it for your part?"

"Give me that pine tree, give any of my pine? No, sir. Not one of them shall come down."

Nothing could shake this determination. In less than a week arose one of the heaviest storms ever known on that coast. And not one of those proudest pines in the man's forest was left; and the tallest pine, the one wanted for a sill, was riven from top to bottom by the thunder-bolt.

On the Coronation of the Emperor.

Emperor William visited recently a little Silesian town where certain military maneuvers were conducted. The burgomaster took it upon himself to introduce various of the town dignitaries to his Majesty. Fourteen of them were standing in a line, and the mayor began as follows: "Herr Peter Paul Schmidt—his Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Herr Heinrich Wilhelm Sauerkraut—his Majesty the German Emperor, the King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg." When the burgomaster proceeded to introduce Herr Lebrun to his Majesty, the Kaiser interrupted him, laughing, with the remark: "That will do, Herr Burgomaster; I suppose the gentlemen know who I am. Just mention their names, and then there will be some prospect of a little refreshment before nightfall."

WHAT SHE FEARED.

But the Little Married Man Made Every Thing All Right.

The car was filled with excursionists returning from the exposition, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Every seat contained a pair of Buckeye lovers. The last pair died in Ohio some time ago, but the art of hugging has survived. It was the midnight express, and the air was right chilly, but not a soul noticed that except a poor, little married man who sat alone in the half seat by the unlighted stove. He looked down at the car and noticed that apparently all the young men were one-armed; at least one arm of each male was visible. The light in the car was very low, however, and that may account for the phenomenon.

Lovers like twilight; if Adam and Eve did not sing "In the Evening" it was because they knew a fresher song. And it was twilight in that car, for all three double lamps were turned down very low, and before the train was out of the Allegheny yards the flame in one of them had sputtered, flared a moment, and expired. Of course every girl in the car was alarmed when the gloom deepened. Every girl got a little closer to her protector, and a few minutes later, when the second lamp began to show signs of collapse—the flame leaping up frantically as if afraid to die—about a dozen pianissimo screams came from as many feminine throats.

The conductor opened the door a few minutes later and the draught finished lamp number two. This left one lamp alight at the rear end of the car. How anxiously it was observed! Would it go out? It looked consumptive, but there was no draught to expedite its decease. At last the train whistled for its first stop and the little married man came out of his corner by the stove to alight. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door-knob. The train had not stopped, but he opened the door, and immediately a gust of wind murdered the last lamp. As he stood in the doorway inhaling cinders and river fog he had the satisfaction of hearing a sweet, low voice murmur behind him: "Oh, George, I was so afraid!" "Of what, my darling?" "Of that lamp would never go out!"

ADVERTISING PAYS.

A Fact Established Many Hundreds of Years Ago.

Means of Advertising Were Before the Day of the Newspaper—The Continent—In and English Bell-Men—Modern Advertising Enterprises.

The wise in the business world have for many ages availed themselves of the science of advertising, says the Washington Post. One of the most ancient modes of attracting public patronage was by means of public criers long before the age of printing. The medieval criers used to carry a horn with which to attract the attention of the people when about to make a proclamation or publication. They formed a well organized body in France as early as the twelfth century. Under a charter from Louis VII. they were entitled to a penny for every time they blew their horns, and could force themselves upon tavern-keepers to dry their wares under a general statute. They at a very early period formed themselves into a corporation, and in 1358 obtained from Philip Augustus favorable statutes of the most tyrannical kind.

In England the public criers appear to have been a national institution at an early period. They cried all kinds of goods, and were sworn to tell "truly and well to the best of their ability and power." After while the bell-man or town crier was appointed for the benefit of the community at large. In most of the country towns of Great Britain, and even in London, there are still bell-men and parish criers, though their offices are little more than sinecures. The provincial crier's duties are of the most varied description, and relate to objects lost or found, sales by public auction or private contract, weddings, christenings, or funerals.

But the bell-man as a means of advertising has seen his last days. Nearly three-quarters of a century ago in England wagons were driven through the streets surrounded by revolving targets, on which were painted flaming announcements of coming events, and men on horseback rode up and down the principal thoroughfares with great billboards strapped on either side of them to attract public attention.

The first regular newspaper, The Certain News of This Present Week, published in London in 1622, contained no advertisements; but in 1633 advertisements appeared in something like the present form in the Mercurius Politicus.

Books were the earliest articles advertised. The great plague in London brought forth the first medical advertisements. In 1700 Addison, reviewing advertisements of his time, speaks of their "cuts and figures." The London Times was established in 1788, but did little to reduce advertising to a system, but demonstrated its value and importance. The first American daily journal, the Independent Gazette, of New York, 1787, in its second year contained thirty-four advertisements. From that time on the growth of American advertising developed the fact that extensive advertising was a legitimate necessity to trade. The other great metropolitan papers founded since 1833 have greatly popularized advertising. A special feature adopted about this time was "business notices" and "special notices," commanding high prices.

The demand for systematic advertising became so great that about 1823 the first "advertising agency" in America was established. The business has so grown that now for a single firm to advertise to the amount of \$200,000 a year excites little surprise. But these agencies are too slow for great modern business, who change their advertisements almost daily. They employ an advertising expert as one of the personnel of their establishments, whose only duty it is to prepare advertisements for the newspapers. Besides the advertising agencies there are now "engraving companies" devoted entirely to furnishing pictorial cuts for advertisements. "Printer's ink," used as synonymous with advertising, has become recognized as an essential to success in the commercial world. An advertising expert ranks as an artist and commands a corresponding salary. It is not merely in the enumeration of wares and goods that he excels, but in the "fine line drawing" of desirable hints and attractive suggestions.

A Co-Operative Farm.

A colony of about twenty-five families from the North, for the most part farmers, have recently secured about 3,000 acres of choice farm land in Cullman County, Ala., on which to locate a co-operative farm. It is to be organized as a joint stock company, with a capital stock of \$200,000, limited to 200 shares of \$1,000 each. No person can purchase, own or control more or less than one share of the capital stock. The labor is to be performed by themselves and their families at stipulated wages, the profits to be distributed as dividends. They propose to introduce manufactures as well as agriculture, as they possess a tract of valuable timber as well as an inexhaustible supply of coal.

Learning by Ear.

Pupils who learn "by ear," without thought as to the meaning of things, contrive to afford a good deal of amusement to their teachers. Recently a teacher in the grammar school asked one of her boys: "What is the meaning of 'topaz'?" "A topaz," said the boy, "is where the mules walk when they're drawing a canal-boat."

THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

It Does Not Make Woman's Life Easier Nor Her Labor Lighter.

Whenever a woman enters the political arena she sacrifices that charm of womanhood, delicacy of manner, which can not be kept pure under the coarser centinuating influences, observes the Des Moines (Ia.) Register. We do not assert that politics is in every degree degrading to woman, but we do think it not elevating; neither do we think women wield the purifying influence at the polls suffrage advocates claim. We have not observed a case in years of observation where the voice of woman is felt in the primaries, the conventions or as representatives, either municipal or executive, though a single female delegate to a county convention may be an exception. The better class of women care little for the ballot or political honors, feeling that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," that the mother who gives to her State half a dozen manly votes accomplishes more for her country's good than the woman who neglects home, children and duties to voice the sentiments of women who never knew nor can know the meaning of motherhood, love, or home. Women as a mass do not pine for the ballot, and were it left to the ladies of Wyoming to decide woman suffrage would be lost by a large majority. While its influence is not degrading to the lords of creation, yet we can not learn that they are particularly purified by meeting mother, wife and sister at the polls; and there are but few men, while they might not dare to openly express it, but privately feel a disgust at the thought of those they have always held up as emblems of purity becoming contaminated with politics.

Woman, as an official candidate, will pander to the low and degrading to secure votes just as men do. Is this elevating or purifying? The condition of woman is no better, nor is life made easier, or labor lighter, where she has a right to vote. The woman who performs her natural labors—be they in the home or outside as a toiler—if she at the same time keeps herself informed in all that interests her as a duty socially and politically, must accomplish more than the strong man, and by harder work. Man has accorded to woman equal rights superior to those of the ballot; she may walk side by side with him in the battle of life; she may even outstrip him, as there is no avenue not now open to the woman who wishes to enter the professional arena against her male competitors.

The true woman who would make the most of her every God-given attribute asks not for the ballot, but for love and home, where the carols of babyhood are sung to the sweetest of babies, where home is heaven, and where the weary husband may find rest and soiling hearts sympathy.

HE KEPT HIS VOW.

A Millionaire's Son Running an Engine on a Texas Railway.

There is a man running an engine on the San Antonio division of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, between this city and Del Rio, whose name is familiar to many people in Indiana, writes a San Antonio correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He is no other than Frank Bracaw, the son of one of the richest men in Terre Haute, Ind., whose wealth is reckoned in the millions. He is one of the coolest, most unassuming and most reliable engineers in the service, and has hosts of friends in this city, none of whom, however, knew his history until to-day, when a most affecting accident brought it to light.

The people of Terre Haute will remember Frank as a dashing society man of that city ten years ago. He drove fast horses, and his way was paid by his father without question, and he had a monthly cash allowance of \$150. Some trouble arose between father and son, the nature of which is unknown, and the son left home vowing never to darken the threshold of the parental home.

Seven years sped swiftly by, and Frank's sisters lay upon her deathbed. Detectives were put upon the track of her brother. All the detective agencies in the country were furnished his description and directed to leave no stone unturned in the effort to find him, but to no avail. He had been completely swallowed up in the great world, and his sister died without seeing him.

Three more years passed away. A favorite cousin, the wife of an army officer, came to Del Rio with her husband, who is now in command of the post at that place. To-day they were dining, as usual, at the Valverde Hotel. A noble-looking young man, sat at a table near them and observed the lady attentively, playing finished eating he passed out through the office and asked the clerk if the lady wasn't Mrs. Wheeler. Being answered in the affirmative, he added: "She is my own cousin," and went on. The lady now came out, and the clerk asked:

"Do you see that handsome young man just going out?"

"Yes."

"He says he is your cousin." She turned quickly observed him more closely, a flood of recognition came over her, and she called sharply: "Frank." The man went on as though he didn't hear, but she ran after him and caught him. A pathetic scene followed, in which both actors were moved to tears. The lady begged him to return to his parents, who are now old and feeble, but he remained obdurate and firm in his intentions never to return.

IN PUBLIC WASH-ROOMS.

Men Steal Soap, the Bowls, Combs and Towels.

A Cincinnati Hotel Bookblack Chats About the Queer Characters He Meets—Wearful Nerve Displayed by Filthy-nymph Individuals.

"What class of men pay you best?" was the query of a Cincinnati Times-Star reporter to Charley, the fat bookblack at the Gibson House. "Well, I guess drummers. I have had drummers come in after making a good sale, and they would get cleaned up and shined up, and hand me a quarter and refuse the change. I tell you there's nothing too good for a drummer when he's made a dandy sale. Some men the more they get the meaner they get, but not your commercial traveler. He's a dandy every time. And then I have regular customers of gentlemen about town. Governor Foraker comes in. He wants a good shine, pays for it, and goes away satisfied. Sometimes we have a man come in who objects to paying ten cents, thinks a nickel enough, and will stand and argue the case with you. Why, it takes nearly a dime's worth of blacking to get around some men's feet."

"Sometimes men think this is included in the board, and insist on not paying for it. I have had men come in here, walk up to the stand, cook up their feet, get out a brush, open the blacking-box, and proceed to shine their own shoes. When I get over being paralyzed at their gall I tell them to get up on the chair and I'll blacken their shoes; that I make my living that way. I had a fellow do that on one day, and when I saw he was about ruining my brushes rubbing the mud off, I told him to put it down, and he did, and declared he would report me. I told him to go ahead and report. I was looking out for my own property. I guess he changed his mind. Cincinnati men are 'purty' well shod as a rule. They wear 'purty' nice shoes. How many towels are used here in a day? Three or four hundred. Sometimes we have to change them after once using."

"Why, I've seen men come in here, walk up and down till they saw a good, clean towel and then stand and wipe the perspiration and dirt off their faces. They will wipe and then look at the towel, and then wipe again and look, just to see how much dirt comes off. Of course that towel has to come down. No, they don't think of washing the dirt off; they want to see how much dirt they can get off on the towel. They take a dry wash. How many men come in here to wash are guests at the hotel? Not half of 'em. Why, we've put men out of here often. Regular loafers, you know. These bum politicians about town are the worst. Got a gall? Well, haven't they? We stand 'em as long as we can and then run 'em out. Why, fellows come in here every day. Before we had the hair brushes and combs fastened with rings, just hooked on, they used to carry them away. Why, there are fellows who come in here who would carry off the wash-stand if it wasn't fastened."

"There are fellows who never see any soap until they come in here, and then sometimes we don't see it when they're gone. Then a good many men don't half wash. They will just wet the dirt on their hands and face, and then rub it off on the towel. A man came in here the other day, set down his sachel, opened it, took out his brush and blacking and proceeded to shine 'em up himself. I told him I could do it better than he could. Well, he 'reckoned not,' and finished the job—made a good one of it, too; and then he had me brush him off nicely all over, and paid me just the same as though I had blacked his shoes, and then he walked away. Funny fellow, wasn't he? But you ought to see the towels fly when the races are on and the hotel is crowded, and especially at night, when they come back from the races all dusty and begrimed from head to foot."

"Then we have to hustle up the clean towels. But they're good fellows to pay. I'll bet this is the most popular wash-room in town. Not more men wash here in a day than at any place in town. It's right here on one of the busiest streets, in the center of the town, and no trouble to drop in. Then there is hot and cold water, and they can get a good shine, and in five minutes they can go out again like new men. A good wash braces a man up. There, see that fellow. Wipe the dirt off; never wash; that towel was just put off, but down she comes," and so Charley and his partner kept going all day long, taking down and hanging up towels, rubbing off the splashed marble wash-stands, taking the soap out of the water, emptying the bowls and keeping the wash-room the "likeliest-looking place in town." The reporter visited the wash-rooms of all the other leading hotels of the city and found the same conditions existing and the same order of men's minds.

A Tree Growing in the Air.

On the plantation of Mr. John H. Roberts, near Robertville, S. C. there is a tree, if not destroyed by the turpentine hands, that does not touch the ground by six feet. A pine sapling cut down at some period unknown to the oldest inhabitant lodged on the limb of an adjacent tree. The growth of the limb and tree gradually closed around it until it became completely imbedded. Drawing its life from the tree it grows and presents a luxurious appearance. All traces of the stump from which it was cut have long since disappeared.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 7, 1901.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

County Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

JOHN F. UNLAW, Manager of the Central & Southern California Press Association, 100 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. H. KILLICK, 222 Pine Street.

TIN PLATE.

The tin lodes of the Harney Peak region in South Dakota, will be furnishing pig tin in large quantities before midsummer. Works of the capacity of 500 tons a day will be finished by May 1, and more than 200,000 tons of ore are now on the dumps ready for the smelter. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has built an extension to Ouster City, which passes through the richest groups of lodes, and is extending switch tracks to outside groups.

A large group of the lodes has been discovered in Llano county, Texas, by Professor Comstock, assistant geologist of that State. Samples of them have been exhibited at San Antonio and elsewhere. Some sixty deposits have been found and new discoveries are announced daily. These tin lodes are found on the Colorado river just south of the famous Ballinger iron hill. Bessemer ores, limestone, coal, all in economic contiguity, have made it certain that Llano would be the seat of great steel and iron industries. The discovery of these tin lodes will make that rich district of Texas famous for pig tin and tin plate production. The success of the opponents of Protection to tin, and to industries based upon it, are being made ridiculous by discoveries of ore and by the establishment of plants for their manipulation. Manufacturer's Record, January 3.

The developing of tin mines and the erection of tin plants in the Democratic State of Texas is hearding the Free Trade Lion in his den, and the employment of thousands of operatives may prove a boomerang to the Democracy, as the people of Texas will be quick to discern the benefits of a Protective Tariff to the industries of that great State, and in '99 they may send some Protection Democrats, if not Republicans, to Congress, as hundreds of those operatives will go from the North and will have Protective principles. If tin ore developments and the manufacture of tin plate increase to the extent anticipated, the United States will be able to undersell England in all the foreign markets in a very short time—and all through the beneficent workings of the much-abused McKinley bill. It is unfortunate for the Democratic party that such extensive tin deposits should be found in the Democratic State of Texas, the home of the Free Trader, Mills, as that party, under the leadership of Mills, made its greatest fight against the McKinley bill on account of the tin subsidies.

The sudden death of Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, at the banquet given by the New York Board of Trade at Delmonico's, on the evening of the 29th, was a great blow to the Administration, and the Nation will keenly feel his loss, as he was one of the noblest of American citizens, and one whom all could be proud of, irrespective of party feeling, which should be forgotten when we lose such men.

Some heirs of Dr. Samuel B. Hugo, of Alton, Ill., have filed in the Land Office at Washington, a claim for land which a portion of the Capitol occupies. The document is in the shape of a land warrant from the General Assembly of Maryland, dated April 18th, 1788, for lots 2099, 2091, 2703 and 2704. They have been very quiet over this claim to a portion of the National Capitol square—probably too long.

The Treasurer of Arkansas has stolen so much money that the Legislature has decided to make appropriation not absolutely necessary, and will make none for the World's Fair.

The New Orleans bankers have sent a petition to the Senate, deprecating any further discussion of free coinage. Bankers would like to run the entire country—and they do, pretty much.

Maisondier, the great French painter, who painted "The Angelus" which was sold to a New York Art Association for the sum of \$125,000, was buried in Paris on Tuesday.

Three brothers, two of them clerks in a Chicago jewelry house, have systematically robbed their employers. The two stole, and the third sold the jewelry, amounting to \$10,000. They are under arrest.

The House Committee will report in favor of opening the Cherokee strip for settlement under the homestead law. The Indians will be paid \$1 per acre.

The funeral of Charles Bradlaugh, the great English statesman, and staunch friend of the United States, took place, near London, on Sunday, and was largely attended.

John McCumb, the Warden of San Quentin State Prison, has resigned—and thus adjoins the McCumb prison market.

Dr. Henry W. Nelson, a prominent physician of Sacramento, and a Pioneer, died on Wednesday, aged 65.

On Sunday and Monday it rained on the other side of the mountains.

The Senate has passed the fortifications bill.

The Contempt bill, to prohibit judges punishing newspaper men for criticizing judicial proceedings, when it will not interfere with Court proceedings, passed the Legislature by an almost unanimous vote, and is now in the hands of Governor Markham, who will take much pleasure in approving a just measure. This is the outcome of the outrageous treatment of Berry, editor of the San Francisco Star, by Judge Lawlor and McWhorter, of San Francisco. It is not creditable to former Legislatures that such a law was not passed when the Supreme Court imprisoned Philomphor Pickett for merely sitting in the chair of the Chief Justice. No honorable Judge will take exceptions to this bill, as such are not the ones that has made such a law necessary.

A delegation of Sioux Indians are having a high time in Washington. When they start for home they will probably be presented with the latest improved style of firearms for themselves, their brothers, and their uncles, and cousins, so they will be in good trim in the Spring to start another Indian war.

Paul W. Bennett, formerly of this town, has created a sensation in Stockton by refusing to count, as District Attorney, a certificate of a special deposit, by the County Treasurer, in one of the banks of that city, for \$250,000.

The proposition to elect United States Senators by the people is gaining ground in the U. S. Senate. Senator Mitchell is a strong advocate of it.

It is thought that Minister Lincoln will be appointed Secretary of the Treasury.

The Assembly allowed Zakie, the Colored Democrat, to retain his seat in that body.

DISORDERS WHICH AFFECT THE KIDNEYS.
Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretory power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The pills are also a purifier of the blood, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It cures a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

NEW TO-DAY.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT A LOW RATE OF INTEREST ON RANCHES.
Address: D. M. WAULTON, 47-1st 482 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM ROBSON, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of William Robson, deceased, to the creditors of said estate, to exhibit their claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice in the said Administrator's Office, at the Law Office of Wm. O. Parker, Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 22 day of February, 1901.

D. M. WALTERS, Administrator of the Estate of William Robson, Deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF JACOB WEAVER, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Weaver, deceased, to the creditors of said estate, to exhibit their claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice in the said Administrator's Office, at the Law Office of Wm. O. Parker, Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 22 day of February, 1901.

D. M. WALTERS, Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Weaver, Deceased.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
Notice is hereby given that D. M. WALTERS, Public Administrator of said Mono County, has filed in this Court Petition praying for Letters of Administration of the Estate of WILLIAM MOONEY, Deceased, the hearing of the same being fixed by said Court for

SATURDAY the 21st DAY OF MARCH, 1901, at 11 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room thereof, at Bridgeport in the said County of Mono; and all persons interested in said Estate are notified that they may appear and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Dated Feb. 2nd, 1901.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

W. O. PARKER, Attorney.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED BIDS will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, California, until April 1st, 1901, for furnishing stationery required for the use of the County of Mono and its officers, for the year 1901.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids must be addressed to the Board of Supervisors, Bridgeport, Mono County, California; and indorsed "Sealed proposals for Stationery."

Bridgeport, Mono County, January 10, 1901.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

W. O. PARKER, Attorney.

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W. O. PARKER, Attorney.

W. O. PARKER, Attorney.

W. O. PARKER, Attorney.

THE CHAMPION PROTEST RACE.

There is a German boy employed in a barber shop in Newark, says the New York Sun, whose claim to distinction lies in the fact that by his twenty protests one day he won a dollar. The time limit was two hours and the protests were of standard size and well timed. He was eating a pretzel when a customer asked him how many he thought he could eat.

"About twenty," the boy answered. The customer remarked that he would give him a dollar and pay for the pretzel if he ate twenty in two hours. The boy went out and soon returned with twenty-five pretzels on a stick. Then he began his task, and after eating six, he took a drink of water. The seventeenth pretzel burst a button off the waistband of his trousers, and after that eating became laborious. On the nineteenth he consumed ten minutes, and was inclined to give up, but the sight of a bright silver dollar spurred him on, and, getting a cup of coffee, he soaked the twentieth in it and ate it triumphantly.

He was uncomfortable for several hours afterward, but he incurred no bad effects from the unusual meal. Now two of his friends went to look him in a pretzel-eating match with any boy of his age.

LEGAL.

Final Proof.
LAND OFFICE AT SACRAMENTO, CAL.
January 21, 1901.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Hon. M. D. Arnold, Superior Judge of Alpine County, Cal., at Marysville, Cal., on

MARCH 12th, 1901.

Wm. J. MAXWELL, of Alpine Co., Cal., who made D. No. 1000 for the W. 1/4 of Lot 6; W. 1/4 of Lot 7 and Lot 8 of Sec. 14, T. 10 N. R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

T. H. Hawkins, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.; C. A. Fay, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.; Thomas Barber, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.; Washington Young, of Woodford, Alpine Co., Cal.

W. J. MAXWELL, Register.

Timber Land Notice.

T. L. R. No. 239.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Idaho Springs, Cal.

January 21, 1901.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN COMPLIANCE with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1896, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the State of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," H. R. 7424, as amended, the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Hon. M. D. Arnold, Superior Judge of Alpine County, Cal., at Marysville, Cal., on

22 day of APRIL, 1901.

He names as witnesses: Thomas B. Blakey, of Carson City, Nevada; James F. Christian, of Gardnerville, Douglas County, Nevada; Jackson Jennings, of Shoshone, Douglas County, Nevada; Wheeler, of Sheridan, Douglas County, Nevada.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said day of April, 1901.

W. J. MAXWELL, Register.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
JOHN WATSON, Plaintiff, vs. ESTHER ANN WATSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Mono in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California and Greeting to ESTHER ANN WATSON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and answer the Complaint filed therein, within thirty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days after the day of service, on pain of judgment against you to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file in this action, a copy of which accompanies this summons, and to which you are hereby referred, as will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Superior Court, of the County of Mono, State of California, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1901.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

Indorsed: No. 277, Superior Court, County of Mono, State of California, Department No. 1, John Watson, Plaintiff, vs. Esther Ann Watson, Defendant. Filed January 6, 1901.

J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Plaintiff.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Plaintiff.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Plaintiff.

MEDICAL.



"LITTLE BOY PREPARED TO FIND THEM." So the old nursery rhyme says, and it goes on to bid her leave them alone and they'll come home and bring their tails behind them. All this may be true of most sheep, but if you have lost your health you cannot afford to leave that alone. If you do not come back of your own accord, some people brag that they never bother about their health. They let the doctors go to the devil. That is too often the way they ruin their health. Until very recently a cure for Consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be a terrible disease, was not known, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. BAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will cure it if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to the fact that this is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alternative, or blood-cleanser, and nutritive, or flesh builder known to medical science. For Liver Complaint, Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, "Liver Complaint" and Dyspepsia or Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy.

DR. BAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst case, no matter how long standing. 50 cents by druggists.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares to Eastern and European Cities, via the Great Trans-continental all-rail Route.

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Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East, and at NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS.
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Tickets sold, Sleeping-Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Office, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders Sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point on the Pacific States and Territories. These orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RAILROAD LANDS.
For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. MILLER, Land Agent, O. F. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. F. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the EASTWALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team, \$1.00
Loaded wagon and two animals, \$1.00
Each additional pair of animals, \$1.00
Horseman, \$1.00
Pack animals, each, \$1.00
Saddled and sheep, each, \$1.00
Lumber stock, each, \$1.00
Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND RODIE TOLL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the BIG MEADOWS AND RODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.
All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.
Buggy team, \$1.00
Loaded wagon and two animals, \$1.00
Each additional pair of animals, \$1.00
Horseman, \$1.00
Pack animals, each, \$1.00
Saddled and sheep, each, \$1.00
Lumber stock, each, \$1.00
Empty teams, half-price.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 7, 1901.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

COUNTY OFFICERS' SALARIES.—We are in receipt of a bill introduced, on January 16, by Assemblyman Hanewell, relating to the salaries of the officers of Mono county. It sets them as follows:

County Clerk, \$1,000 per annum.
 Sheriff, \$1,300.
 Auditor, \$800.
 Treasurer, \$800.
 Tax Collector, \$300.

Assessor, \$800, including deputy, at the option of the Board of Supervisors, at a salary not exceeding \$100 per month.
 District Attorney, \$800.

Superintendent of Schools, \$100.
 Colonel, Public Administrator, Surveyor, Justice of the Peace and Constables, each fees as are now or may hereafter be allowed by law.

Supervisors, \$6 per day, not to exceed \$300 per annum, and for each day employed in the discharge of the duties of their office, together with mileage at the rate of thirty cents per mile. In going only from their residence to the county seat at each meeting of the Board.

The radical reductions provided in this bill were not contemplated by the taxpayers and officials. Taxpayers are willing to pay a fair compensation, but the above are far below their standard of fairness. The salary of the District Attorney should remain as now, also the Treasurer; Superintendent of Schools, \$350. It is generally admitted that the salaries of the Clerk, Auditor and Recorder—consolidated; and Sheriff and Tax Collector—consolidated, should be reduced, but not to the low figures as fixed in this bill; however, it is a plain proposition that the aggregate compensation would be about right at \$1800 for the Clerk. That of the Sheriff is more complicated, depending as it does upon the amount of criminal business handled, but the lowest sum mentioned for Sheriff and Tax Collector, combined, is \$3,000. In this sweeping reduction the Supervisors were misled, but the downward tendency was checked, and their mileage is fixed at 30 cents—an increase of 5 cents. The bill should be amended.

LEE'S TRIAL.—The second trial of Lee, for the murder of his step-father, Kleinborts, commenced at 11 A. M. Monday before Superior Judge Virden. The hour to the noon recess was taken up mostly in acting on written excuses of jurors in all parts of the county, all being excused. The official Reporter, Alf Ocharis, being unable to attend this trial, and it being impossible to obtain one in San Francisco, the Court appointed Richard Hamard and Brinton H. Miner to report the trial in long hand. At the afternoon session, after the names of the jurors had been placed in the box, W. O. Parker, attorney for the defendant, challenged the entire panel, on the ground that the original order of the Court in fixing the day for the trial was for the names of 80 jurors to be drawn from the trial jury box, but the order was subsequently rescinded and 97 ordered drawn, which Mr. Parker held to be an error. After brief arguments by Mr. Parker and District Attorney Eddy, Judge Virden denied the challenge, and the jury box was then filled and the examination of jurors commenced, but slow progress was made on account of the long-hand reporting. Mr. District Attorney C. L. Hayer, who conducted the first trial, is associated with Mr. Eddy in the prosecution. Yesterday's work resulted in getting two jurors, Z. B. Tinkum and J. Dawson. The trial promises to last a couple of weeks longer.

DECEASED.—Milton T. Chappell, an old and respected resident of Bodie, and who was the employer of Harvey Boone three many years died in that town on Saturday night last after a short illness, aged 35 years. He was a native of Kentucky, and came to California some thirteen years ago, making most of the time in Bodie, where he married Miss Fannie Phipps, who survives him. He was esteemed by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and the sympathy of all will go out to the bereaved widow. The remains were embalmed and forwarded to Modesto for final interment on Monday, the A. O. U. W., of which he was a member, holding services previous to their departure.

BENTON BOOKING.—Mining at and about Benton is beginning to assume a healthy "boom." Much rich ore is being shipped to San Francisco and to Bodie, for reduction. On Saturday last J. F. Miller took three car loads to San Francisco. Arrangements are making to work several new properties by men who mean business, and the Bentonians believe they will soon have the richest mining camp in Mono county, and we hope their expectations will be fully realized.

"Money to Loan," under "New To-Day."

Dentistry.
 Altona Hodges, Dentist, of Carson City, Nev., will be in Bridgeport on Monday, February 12, to perform all kinds of dental operations. Will remain one month.
 Please respectfully and satisfaction guaranteed.

THE AVALANCHE.

On the 15th of December, 1899, the body of William Robson who lived on the side of the mountains, at Sandy, Mono County, California, having been carried fifteen hundred feet by an avalanche. His partner, Joseph Weaver, was rescued from the wreck of their cabin, where he had been pinned by the debris for about seven days. He conversed with his friends, but died before reaching the foot of the mountain.

Against the sky the canyon's crests loomed above the drifted snow, That hung upon its rugged breasts. A menace dread to all below.

High on a narrow broken ledge That crowned a deep and long ravine, Farthest midway on its dizzy edge, A lonely cabin there was seen.

And off at eve a tiny light Far up the trail would shine, That told the boys had quit for night The dark and hollow mine.

They'd partners been for many a year, And shared 'mid ruin and shine. One was lame, old, in the care, And Billy, in his prime.

The storm came on, and cleared away: The sun again did shine; But, to the frow, day after day They came not from the mine.

At last, two miners started out; They had but little fear; Soon they'd hear an answering shout Ripe down the mountain stair.

Tolling up the steep steep, They paused for further breath; The trail was covered fast with deep; They met a scene of death.

Half buried in the rocks and snow, And splintered trees around, Far down the steep ravine below A mangled corpse they found.

"Quick, back to town assistance find!" One started searlier cried, "And I will on unto the mine, If I can climb the slide."

Soon the mouth of the gloomy drift— No cabin stood beside, But broken timbers down the rift Strawn by the deadly slide.

From 'neath a heap of shattered waste, There came a feeble cry: With giant strength, in eager haste, He tore 'way log and stone.

"Who's there?" he called, "You, Uncle Jake?" Fatally came reply: "Help Billy, first; for Heaven's sake, I'm fastened where I lie."

"Where's Billy?" Came the answer dread: "It's dark, I cannot see, Oh, God! I know poor Billy's dead, Or he'd been back to me."

Reasoners came, with willing hands They freed, amid the gloom, His frozen limbs from crusty bands, And from that chilly tomb.

Tenderly, with words of hope; Slowly, with labored breath, They bore him down that icy, rugged slope, Where one false step meant death.

But 'ere they had in safety seen Them down the dread hillside, Babbling of trees and meadows green, The old man smiled and died.

Side by side they sleep at last; Still partners heart and hand; 'Mid summer's calm and winter's blast, No more the toll for gold.

BOON.—The Inyo Indian were not panning out as its projectors desired—the rushing in of troops, that some of the traders might pluck the Federal goose, the scare has been shipped to Hawthorne, Nev., where a public meeting was held last week, when heart-rending resolutions, expressive of the public feeling regarding Pinte social circles in that town and at the Reservation, were adopted. The Bulletin suggests that a company of one hundred U. S. regulars would be a valuable acquisition to Hawthorne. Hawthorne needs a company to control its Indians as much as we Bridgeporters require a full regiment to control the few Pintes in this vicinity. All this Indian scare talk has been the veriest bomb. You couldn't hire the Pintes to go to war against the whites. They are pretty well civilized, many having little ranches, and most of them, of both sexes, make themselves generally useful to the whites, and they have had no thoughts of making the least trouble. It is not to be wondered at that people are getting so that they have very little confidence in the average newspaper.

THE CONCERT.—The concert given at Bryant's Hall on Thursday evening, under the direction of Prof. O. E. Heath, was well attended, and it was a crowded house. The program was well selected, and the entire entertainment was a credit to all the performers, and everything passed off satisfactorily, as was well attested by the applause so well accorded.

CASH ON HAND.—On the 1st, our mining companies reported cash on hand, as follows: Bulwer Con. \$1,740 83; Bodie \$36,887 66; Mono \$10,848 40; Syndicate \$3,443 96, and Standard Con. \$3,189 77.

COUNTY TREASURY.—The moneys in the County Treasury were counted on Monday and the amount was \$34,546 00.

It blew a gale from the northwest all last night.

The Chinese New Year commences tomorrow.

The funeral of Mrs. General Vallejo took place at Sonoma on Sunday, and was largely attended by California Pioneers and citizens of Sonoma county. The Legislature has a bill before it granting the old lady a pension, and which should have been passed at once, that the old lady could have had the benefit of it, as well as the consolation of knowing that the State appreciated the services of the Vallejos in the youthful days of our Statehood.

MONEY.—Brought over from 1900 to 1901. The amount of money in circulation in the United States is \$1,000,000,000. The amount of money in circulation in the United States is \$1,000,000,000.

AN HISTORIC ADOBE.

The Ancient Mdd Palace of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Extensive Repairs Being Made on the Queen's Official Structure by the National Government to Preserve It.

The sound of the hammer, the saw, and the trowel makes a merry echo song in and about the historic adobe palace, says the Santa Fe New Mexican. The National Government has supplied the funds, and Secretary Thomas has let the contract for \$2,000 worth of improvements, or more properly speaking, repairs, of this ancient official edifice, so full of interest to all tourists and sight-seers who visit Santa Fe.

The Governor's palace is in much the same condition as last year, except that the additional lapse of time has made the need of repairs more pressing. The Secretary of the Territory, who is its custodian, has obtained an appropriation of \$2,000 from Congress for the purpose, and while this sum is considerably less than that which he estimates to be necessary, yet it will do much to preserve this interesting historic edifice in fair condition.

Without disparaging the importance of any of the cherished historical localities of the East, it may be truthfully said that this ancient palace surpasses in historic interest and value any other place or object in the United States. It antedates the settlement of Jamestown by nine years, and that of Plymouth by twenty-two, and has stood during the two hundred and ninety-two years since its erection, not as a cold rock or monument with no claim upon the interest of humanity except the bare fact of its continued existence, but as the living center of every thing of historical importance in the Southwest. Through all that long period, whether under Spanish, Pueblo, Mexican or American control, it has been the seat of power and authority. Whether the ruler was called viceroy, captain-general, political chief, department commander or governor, and whether he presided over a kingdom, a province, a department or territory, this has been his official residence.

In his recent annual report to the Secretary of the Interior Governor Prins took occasion to present some highly interesting data relative to this structure. He states that from here Onate started in 1599 on his adventurous expedition to the eastern plains; here, seven years later, eight hundred Indians came from far-off Quivira to ask aid in their war with Aztec; from here, in 1618, Vicente de Saldiva set forth to the Mogul country only to be turned back by reports of the giants to be encountered; from here Penelope and his brilliant troop started March 8, 1663, on their marvelous expedition to the Missouri; in one of its strong rooms the Commissioner-General of the Inquisition was imprisoned a few years later by the same Penelope; within its walls, fortified as for a siege, the bravest of the Spaniards were massed in their revolution of 1808; here, on the 19th of August of that year, was given the order to execute forty-seven Pueblo prisoners in the plaza which faces the building; here, a day later, was the sad war council held which determined on the evacuation of the city; here was the scene of triumph of the Pueblo chieftains as they ordered the destruction of the Spanish archives and the church ornaments in one grand conflagration; here De Vargas, September 14, 1692, after the eleven hours' combat of the preceding day, gave thanks to the Virgin Mary, to whose aid he attributed his triumphant capture of the city; here, more than a century later, March 8, 1807, Lieutenant Pike was brought before Governor Alencaster as an invader of Spanish soil; here, in 1828, the Mexican standard, with its eagle and cactus, was raised in token that New Mexico was no longer a dependency of Spain; from here, the 6th of August, 1837, Governor Perez started to subdue the insurrection in the North, only to return three days later to meet his death, the 9th, near Agua Fria; here, the succeeding day, Jose Gonzales, a Pueblo Indian of Taos, was installed as Governor of New Mexico, soon after to be executed by order of Armijo; here, in the principal reception-room, August 12, 1846, Captain Cooke, the American envoy, was received by Governor Armijo and sent back with a message of defiance; and here, five days later, General Kearney formally took possession of the city, and slept after his long and weary march on the carpeted earthen floor of the palace.

A Marvelous Trick.
 A new illusion is reported from the Alhambra, London. In the center of the stage, hanging from four bars, is a board which may be examined by the audience. A man is securely fastened to this board with padlocks around the arms, legs and neck, making it impossible for him to move. A curtain is then placed around the man, but which only reaches to the board, thus leaving it open below, so that the audience may see beneath the board during the whole of the performance. At the report of a pistol the curtains are opened, and in the place of the man is a woman fastened to the board by the same padlocks, the man appearing at the same instant in the midst of the audience. The change is made in less than thirty seconds, the stage being in full light all the time.

Don't Like Root.

When a Chinaman arrives in this country there is nothing he loathes more than the taste of beer; but, with the determination to become "like some of the American men," the Chinaman of New York is seeking to Americanize themselves by quaffing the foaming lager. It is a terrible error, however, to the most of them; they do not drink it by the glass, but by a quart, which suffices for a big spree for a dozen of them.

A Thin Timepiece.

A German watch that is on exhibition in a Pittsburgh window is probably the thinnest timepiece in the world. It is not more than an eighth of an inch thick, and the works themselves seem no thicker than cardboard.

ANIMALS' TOILETS.

Small Baths and Water Baths for Birds and Beasts.

Brushes and combs most animals carry with them. Brilliantine also is carried in a small and handy reservoir by all ducks and divers. Mud serves for cold cream and vaseline; dust for fuller's earth and pearl powder, and water, as with us, is perhaps the most important necessity. But birds especially, says the London Spectator, are mighty particular about the quality of their "toilet dust," and equally also as to the water in which they prefer to wash. Some use water only, some water or dust, others dust and no water. Partridges are a good example of the quaffing birds, and are most careful in the selection of their dust baths. Dry leaves form their best. But perhaps their favorite place is a meadow where a few turfs have been removed. There they scratch out the loam, and thence backwards under the grass roots till their feathers are full of the cool earth. In wet weather they find, if possible, a heap of burnt ashes on the site of a weed fire, and dust there. Sparrows, on the contrary, always choose road dust, the driest and finest possible. Larks also are fond of the road, and dust there in the early morning. But they, too, have their fancy, and choose the dry, gritty part, where the horse's hoofs tread. Wild ducks, though feeding by the salt water, prefer to wash in fresh water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and wash themselves in the early morning. But though passing so much time on the water, ducks seem to prefer a shower bath to any other; and in heavy rain they may be seen opening their feathers and allowing the rain to soak in, after which they dress the whole surface with oil from the reservoir which we mentioned above. Swallows and martins are as nice in their choice of bath water as any "professional beauty;" nothing but newly fallen rain water thoroughly pleases them, and if tempted to bathe, it is generally by some shallow pool in the road which an hour's sun will evaporate.

We have never seen hawks or falcons bathing when wild. Trained birds, in good health, bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peregrine falcon is a very careful performance. But no nymph could be more jealous of a witness than these shy birds, and it is not until after many careful glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her brook and wades into the shallow bath. Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts her broad head under the water and flings it on to her back, at the same time raising the feathers and letting the droplets thoroughly soak them. After bathing head and back, she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water, and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the drops in every direction. The bath over, she flies once more to the brook, and turning her back to the sun, spreads every feather of the wing and tail, raises those on the body, and assists the process of drying by a tremulous motion imparted to every quill. Looking up like an old cormorant on a buoy than a porpoise.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animal, with the exception of some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, India-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is always used to apply the "pomade" to the face for the stage. One of the most charming pets we have kept, and the most particular as to washing and brushing its feet and fur, was a lovely, brown opossum from Tasmania. "Scoty phalangist," was, we believe, its scientific name; it was covered with deep rich brown fur, had a face something like a fox, a pink nose, hands with a nailless thumb, and long claws on the fingers. It washed its feet every two or three minutes. Water rats are very clean animals and wash and brush their faces "like Christians." We saw one this summer on a pond at Welling, in Kent, swim out to pick up the blossoms of an acacia tree which were falling on the water. After daintily eating each flower on the bank he licked his hands, wiped his mustaches and swam off for another. We also tried an acacia blossom, but except a slightly sweet flavor, could find nothing to account for the rat's taste for them. Sporting dogs which are used in mud, snow and wet, are strangely clever and quick in cleaning and drying their coats, and it is a sure sign that a dog has been over-tired if he shows any trace of mud or dirt next morning. Most of their toilet is done with the tongue, but they are very clever at using a thick box bush or the side of a haystack as a rough towel. One small spaniel which we allowed to live in the house was well aware that if he returned dirty he would not be admitted in-doors. About an hour before the close of the day's shooting he used to strike work and begin to clean himself; and if urged to do more, would slip off home and present himself neat and clean in the dining-room. One day the dog had been left at home, and his master returned and scented himself, wet, and with half-frozen drops of ice sticking to his gaiters, by the fire. The rat ran up and carefully licked off the frozen ice and snow, stopping every now and then to give an anxious look, which said as plainly as possible, "Dear me, if I don't get him clean quickly, he will be sent to live in the kennel."

How to Walk Upstairs.
 Women doctors say, and many women prove it in practice, that by going upstairs slowly, with the foot—heel and toe alike—put firmly on each stair, one may arrive at the top of four flights of stairs really rested, instead of gasping for breath, as when one runs upstairs. Going upstairs is a good form of exercise if one goes at it in the right way to get in health.

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IMPLEMENTS.

A BEGGAR'S HISTORY.

The Queer Tale Told by a Female Organ-Grinder.

She Claims to Be a Descendant of a Noble Swedish Family—Her Descent in the Swedish Ranks Due to a Romantic Attachment.

The old woman who plays the hand-organ at the corner of Ninth and Vine streets has a history, according to the Philadelphia correspondent of the Chicago Times. "I was born," she said, "on the 4th day of August, 1817, in Werinland, Sweden, and am now, you see, seventy-three years of age. My name is Anna Svenson. That is not my full name, but is enough and will do. Our family name was well known in Sweden, and also in Russia; in fact, our family is Russian."

"In the time of Catherine our family estates were of the largest held by the nobility. My mother was a direct descendant of the Vasa dynasty. I never knew her, as she died when I was born. You see that on my mother's side I am of royal lineage, and on my father's side I descended from the proudest of Russian aristocracy. My father was a proud man, morose and stern in the extreme. The soldiers in their summer camp at Vasy, whom he commanded, would often be flogged by his orders for some trifling offense."

"I remember little of Werinland, for as a child my time was passed in the school at Stockholm, and as a young lady I was at court more than anywhere else. When I was twenty years old we were at our Stockholm home, and daily in attendance at the palace, or at Drottningholm. I was the especial favorite of Princess Eugenie. I was constantly her companion. She loved me and spoke to me as I think my mother would have done. There was at court at that time a nobleman named Baron Phogron, of high rank, but as poor as a beggar. He had a son Carl, a Captain in the navy, whom I had met at court balls and receptions. Carl and I during that summer met very often. We walked and talked and rowed together until I found that I loved him."

"Princess Eugenie said to me one day: 'Ah, my dear, this love of Carl's will give you trouble some day.' I smiled at her, but thought nothing of it. But one day at Drottningholm Carl told me that he would at once speak to my father. I hated that, but I said: 'Yes, do so,' and he went away happy. Poor Carl! I don't know what passed between him and my father, but on the next evening my father sent for me to come if the library. I went there; he was tall, cold, stern; a man of iron. 'So, so, my little Countess,' he laughed, 'you love Carl, do you? Well, well, I'll soon stop that,' and then he began to tell me how poor Carl was, that he wanted simply my money, that he was a drinking man, a bad man. Oh! how that night comes back to me."

"I never said a word in answer; simply stood there trembling from head to foot. At length my father stopped and putting his hand heavily on my shoulder he said: 'Go to your room; you shall never marry Carl Phogron, never.' Carl met me the next day in the garden. He was haggard and pale. 'You know all,' he said, and then, without waiting for an answer, he urged me to leave Sweden—to go with him to America to build a little home there in the land of the free. I would not. I could not. I respected my father. 'I did not want him to curse me. Then Carl left me and I never saw him again. A few days afterward they found him on the beach at Waxholm dead, with a bullet in his heart. They never knew whether he killed himself or was murdered."

"I lived on. I was alone, that was all. One day father told me I was to marry. He had a husband for me. I refused to obey him; then, in his passion, he struck me, and as I lay on the ground he told me he would kill me as he did Carl. He stopped as he said that and then quietly, with a white, drawn face, he left me alone."

"My father was a murderer!"

"I left the house that night and Sweden shortly afterward; first I went to London and then I came to this country. I saw notices about my strange disappearance in the papers, but I wanted only to die. I went through your rebellion as a nurse in the South. Then I wandered from one place to another, and I descended still lower and lower in the social scale, until now I am what you see me."

"Little do the people who give me a cent for my poor organ music think that once I was a belle of the old world's nobility; that I danced with Kings, and that the blood of a Vasa is running in my veins."

An Example of Patience.

As a man of patience Job was simply a weak imitation of the real thing, says the Western Journalist. If you want an example of bona fide patience and long-suffering toward ye gentle and worthy wife who hath just taken unto herself a weekling newspaper to build up. He feedeth ye not, so to put it, unceasingly, and between his rising and his lying down he laboreth industriously to inflate his burlesque with a goodly growth. He telleth, far into the night and burneth much oil, or tallow, according to his means, but for all his pains and labor he accomplisheth naught. He looketh and longeth for ye wherewith—all to nurture his weekling and it cometh not, yet he possesseth himself with angelic patience, hoping against hope the while, until the feeble spark goeth out and ye unsmiling yieldeth up its life. Then bleth he himself unto a tannery, or some other light and genteel employment, and seeketh a succor of his woe.

A Transparent Fish.

A "transparent" fish was recently caught in the Columbia river although its proper home is in the deep sea. Its peculiarity is its transparency; by holding it up to the light every bone can be readily counted. It has a reddish tinge, and this one was about seven inches long, although they have been caught in drag nets off the coast that were eighteen inches long.

BILL GERRITY'S WIFE.

She Strikes the Iron and He Blows the Bellows.

The Woman Blacksmith of Roxbury, Mass.—How She Assists Her Aged Husband—An Irish Girl's Devotion and Muscles.

Who is there in Roxbury, asks the Boston Globe, who hasn't heard of old "Bill" Gerrity, the blacksmith, who for forty years has worked the bellows and pounded the anvil in his little shop on Tremont street, near the Mission church?

If you haven't heard of "Bill" you surely have heard of his wife, who stands at the anvil all day and, with sturdy strokes, swings the hammer and fashions the iron, supple under the heat, while her husband assists her.

"Bill," as he is familiarly called, is one of those old settlers whose face and form have become, as it were, one of the landmarks of old Roxbury, so rich in its stories of oldest inhabitants, while his little shop stands to-day, as it did forty years ago, undimmed by the presence all around it of modern buildings, which make its crude outlines stand out more forcibly and shows its age by comparison.

If you ask "Bill" how old he is he will tell you he is sixty years, but if you ask one of the old settlers he will tell you that according to his "reckoning" Bill must be "nigh on to ninety years."

If "Bill" is a picturesque character, inasmuch that his occupation as village blacksmith rendered it proper to so characterize a man in time gone by, he was rendered more so when two years ago he startled his friends by taking to the altar a buxom lass of thirty-five summers.

It was only about a year previous that death had taken from him his first wife, who had lived to the rare old age of ninety-eight years.

"Bill's" new spouse was a stout girl named Hannah McIlver. She is about six feet tall, with a physique that many a strong man would envy. She was born in County Leitrim, Ireland.

When "Bill's" first wife died there were many stories floating around among the regulation gossips concerning the wealth that she had left behind her in her little apartment over the blacksmith shop. According to the stories she was one of those people who are said to deny themselves the pleasures of life and hoard up in mysterious hiding-places bags of yellow gold, and in the still hours of night find consolation in fondling the shiny pieces.

Some believed these stories for it was well known that the old blacksmith worked early and late at his forge and always had lots of work to do. He was known to be of a saving disposition, and it was said that his wife, having passed the allotted threescore and ten, determined that, when her somewhat younger husband should find himself alone and bent down with the results of hard work, he would not want for plenty to eat or a place to lay his head if money could procure them.

According to the stories that have become a chapter in the "Old Settlers' Biographical History of Events from Personal Knowledge," when she died there was great excitement on the part of "Bill." She had left relatives of various generations, and it is said that several thousand dollars having been discovered, a good many people shared it besides the old blacksmith. Since then, owing to the effects of competition, "Bill" has not done the rushing business he did formerly, and then, too, he is not able to work as hard as before.

His present wife learned of this change of affairs and without standing on ceremony she went to him and volunteered to work at the forge and save the expense of his hiring a helper. "Bill" only laughed at her, for, besides being a little doubtful of her ability in that line, he had too much obliquity to permit it. But she persisted in her entreaties to be permitted to take her place at his side, and at last he reluctantly consented.

The blacksmith shop is a little story-and-a-half structure opposite the big ledge, known as McCarthy's ledge, on the hill near the Mission church on Tremont street. Until recently the ledge has been worked by a large force of men, and Bill depended on them mostly for his "jobs." He had almost the exclusive charge of sharpening the drills used by the "ledgers," and the work was of a heavy character. Since the introduction of steam drills "Bill" has not had so much to do as before, but he sharpens the new drills, though it requires much more skill and labor than sharpening ordinary tools.

The first day that his new wife stood at the anvil and swung the hammer "Bill" was convinced that she could do what she claimed. From that day out he has stood by his side, never domineering, but working cheerfully and well. "Bill" blows the bellows and handles the iron, and after it is properly heated she holds it on the anvil while his wife hammers it into shape under his direction.

People used to flock around every day and watch them work, but the novelty soon wore off, and the woman blacksmith became a fixture in Roxbury, attracting an unusual attention.

Death Attributed to Pickles.

In commenting on a recent case of death attributed by a coroner's jury to the action of pickles which had been eaten a short time previously, the London Lancet says: "There was here an evident connection between the alleged cause and its effect, but some further explanation is certainly desirable. Notwithstanding the naturally stimulant property of these condiments, this is, to our mind, insufficient in itself to account for fatal choleraic diarrhoea. The facts of the case are much more suggestive of the introduction of some irritant poison. The vinegar of pickles has frequently been found to contain metallic impurities, notably copper, derived from the vessels used in their manufacture. Corrosive sublimate and other irritants have also been detected, and the presence of some such mischievous addition would probably be blamed in this case or the fatal issue."

A POPULAR FALLACY.

London Fashions and Where They Originate.

The Notion That Royalty Sets the Styles in Dress to the English Couturier Said to Be Erroneous—Princess Albert's Tailor.

Within the narrow limits of the West end are set the fashions for nearly all the rest of the world, says a London correspondent of the Clothier and Furnisher. It is not the Prince of Wales who does it, either, with all due respect to the multitude of writers who industriously propagate the fallacy that Albert Edward, the great, is a sort of walking fashion-plate for the universe.

No people more ridicule this idea than the very furnishers who serve the jolly Prince and his manly sons. His Royal Highness gives less time to the contemplation of his wardrobe than two-thirds of the most ordinary dressers in London. He merely possesses the best of taste and studiously refrains from patronizing a fashion that is not well grounded before it reaches him. When the Prince of Wales requires an article of dress his measure, if on hand, is sent to the tailor or other happy mortal loaned for the honor, and the article demanded is made, and then submitted for alterations in person. The tradesman called to Marlborough house to undergo the trying ordeal of taking a royal order gets from three to five minutes' audience only, and must be as expeditious and careful in his measurements as to be absolutely exact in the result, without which his services are not likely to be asked for a second time. The Prince does not pretend to know what will be worn in advance, but makes his selections of clothing from existing fabrics and fashions as submitted and advised by personal associates and his tailor. If royalty can be made to put on a "stardier" of any description for the purpose of astonishing the natives, it is probable in the person of Prince Albert Victor, the newly-fledged Duke of Clarence, who is so obliging in disposition that his august parent has had in past years to make a Roman holiday of several furnishers who have started styles on "Kiddie" of a highly sensational character.

The Duke of Fife, accompanied by his royal bride, makes no bones of going to his tailor or furnishers on foot of an afternoon; and is a good customer though a modest dresser. The Duke's tailor, recently interviewed, says that he has about a dozen suits in constant use, never wearing the same suit twice in any one week. His trousers are kept on shelves, each marked with the day of the week, and are the constant crop of his valet, as the Duke will not brook creases. As an example of what the complete wardrobe of a man of rank, wealth and fashion consists of on the average the Duke of Fife's outfit for the present summer may be taken. It contains three light and one dark tweed suit, one blue flannel, one black serge, one melton cutaway, one pepper-and-salt cutaway, two frock coats and two full-dress suits, besides special garments for travelling, riding, hunting, shooting and deer-stalking, as well as half a dozen uniforms. The Prince of Wales' wardrobe contains over thirty of the latter alone.

The great ambition of all London tradesmen is, of course, royal patronage, and to this end favor is very widely distributed, as the wardrobes of the royal Princes are recruited from countless sources, the equerries and valets of the household being the principal purchasers and suggesters to their masters of seasonable novelties. The coveted warrant, which conveys the right to put the royal or other arms over the merchant's door, is not to be obtained unless some actual service has been done and a certain standing of years is possessed by the firm; but they are not uncommon, as the profusely gilded emblematism over every third shop-front in the West end will attest.

A GHOST'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Parastory of a spook in Having Its Likeness Taken.

Society circles in Los Angeles have been excited over the strange case of spirit photography that occurred a short time ago in a leading gallery. The lady who was the chief actor, says the New York Sunday Journal, will not consent to the use of her name, but there is no question of the reality of the event, and it is made all the stronger by the fact that both she and the photographer are skeptics of spiritualism.

She took her position in the gallery and the photographer threw his cloth over his head to arrange the focus when, with an exclamation of fright, his head bobbed suddenly out from behind its covering, and he stared at the lady. "Did any one pass behind you just then?"

"Why, certainly not," she answered. He then took the picture and went into the dark room with it. He came bounding out in a few minutes, and with a white face and strange manner, said she must sit again. She complied, and again when he proceeded to adjust the lenses he could not restrain his terror.

His face became beaded with a cold perspiration, his hands trembled so that he could hardly proceed with the work. Five times did he take the lady's picture, refusing to give her any explanation of his strange behavior.

At last he told her she would have to go to some other place—he could not take her picture satisfactorily. He then insisted on an explanation. He refused for a long time, but at last he brought her five plates from the dark room. In each of them by her side, dressed in grave clothes, with outstretched arm and beckoning finger, stood the figure of a person who had been very dear to her, but who had recently died.

The lady nearly fainted, and denounced the thing as a trick, but was soon convinced that if there was a fraud the photographer did not know it. The photographer developed the plates, and the portraits of the living and the dead are exact and startling. The lady is not superstitious, but the inexplicable affair won on her nerves so as to render her seriously ill.

A SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.

An Astronomical Instrument Which Records the User's Observations.

Carlson College Observatory has secured a curious instrument invented by a scientist at Washington and called a "personal equation machine," says a Northfield letter to the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The object of the instrument is to harmonize the observations of different persons who are working together, at different times or at the same time. Astronomers well know that no two persons see exactly alike, by which is meant, for example, no two persons will say that a star passes a wire in a telescope at exactly the same instant. One will record its apparent passage slow on true time, while another will almost uniformly put its time fast. Observers unconsciously form a habit of seeing objects fast or slow on true time, and the better the observers the more steady this error is as compared with true time. This error the astronomer calls the personal equation of the observer. In amount the personal equation varies from .02 of a second of time to something more than half a second for different observers, either fast or slow on true time. Such errors as these can not be tolerated at all in astronomical observations for fundamental or original work of a nice kind, but must be in some way eliminated before final reductions can be attempted.

To accomplish this in one way an ingenious machine has been constructed, which sets in motion an artificial star quite like the appearance of a real star in the telescope. As this artificial star passes wires in the machine the observer records his observations and the instrument automatically records the exact time of the real passage of the star over the same wires. Now both records are made by the aid of the electric current, and consequently are perfectly true. These records are taken automatically in ink on an instrument called a chronometer, and hence their differences can be measured with the utmost accuracy, and in this way the error of the observer on true time is satisfactorily known.

The machine is in use every night that observers work either together or singly, so that changes in individual personal equations may be detected as well as the differences that may exist between observers. The instrument, therefore, furnishes an unvarying standard for accurate observation.

A WORLD'S FAIR WONDER.

The Ancient Tower of Babel to Be Reproduced at the Columbian Exposition.

A reproduction of the famous Tower of Babel, as it stood in the great city of Babylon two thousand years ago, will be a feature of the world's fair in Chicago. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is to supply the model, which will be constructed under the supervision of Dr. Haupt, the distinguished Oriental scholar, and upon his plans. Erected on precisely the scale of the celebrated original it will ascend in seven diminishing stories, impressive from without, while its interior will be a museum exhibiting life and affairs as they were in the mighty empire of the ancient Assyria, with the most remarkable assemblage ever got together of art works, books, and all sorts of other curiosities, all of the vast mounds, which are now all that remain of Babylon and Nineveh. Already a Washington architect has completed the model, on foot in height, which will soon be in readiness for shipping to the exposition, where it has but to be copied by enlargement. Final action on this matter has not yet been taken by the management of the fair, but there is no doubt that the scheme as above outlined will be carried out.

The intention is to construct the building not of bricks, like the original tower, inasmuch as that would be too costly, but of iron and according to the best methods of modern engineering. One disadvantage of ancient Babylonian architecture was that it was particularly unstable. The houses, palaces and temples, however magnificent and expensively built, being made of sun-dried brick, with burned bricks only for facing, always tumbled down within a short time. Such was the fate of the Tower of Babel itself, though it was rebuilt at least once by Nebuchadnezzar. The city of Babylon, which had 2,000,000 inhabitants and covered twice the area of London, stood upon an immense plain of clay very susceptible of cracks, and there was no stone of any kind to be had. Myriads of slaves, toiling under merciless drivers, built the astonishing public works executed by the kings of Babylon, just as was the case with the pyramids of Egypt.

Going to Find the North Pole.

Dr. Nansen is rapidly preparing for his expedition to the north pole. He will start from Norway in February next, in the ship of 170 tons burden that has been specially built for him. The vessel is so constructed that she can not be crushed by the ice, but if nipped the floes will simply force her out of the water on the ice. Dr. Nansen is provisioning his vessel for five years, and a dozen men will go with him to share his good luck or tragic fate. He thinks it will take about three years to drift from the islands of New Siberia across the pole and down the other side to the southern end of Greenland. The expedition, which is carried out by the aid of the Swedish government and the munificence of Mr. Dickson, will cost over \$100,000.

A Handsome Gift.

The Alexander family, of which fifteen members have graduated at Princeton University, are to share their debt to that institution signified by the gift of a new building from Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, daughter of the late Charles Crocker, the California millionaire, and wife of Charles B. Alexander, of New York. It is proposed that the building shall be devoted to commencement exercises and the higher functions of collegiate life, and be the finest thing of the kind in the country.

A ROYAL PLAYWRIGHT.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, Turns Dramatist.

Her Play Soon to Be Staged at the Vienna Burg Theater—An Outline of the Plot—The Title of the Piece Is "Master Manolly."

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, received in her salon at the Hotel Imperial in Vienna recently, says the New York Sun, the company and management of the Vienna Burg Theater, where one of her plays will be brought out soon. After all the guests had arrived the Queen sat down at a little table beside the Archduchess Maria Theresa and read the manuscript of her latest work, "Master Manolly," a tragedy in five acts. The plot of the tragedy conforms with the outlines of a Roumanian legend. Manolly, a master architect, is building a great cathedral. Midway in his work he becomes embarrassed by lack of money. Moreover, every morning he finds a bit of the work done on the preceding day destroyed by undiscoverable hands. The working-men become superstitious and are led by Manolly's enemies to believe that the cathedral is cursed. The building may be made acceptable to God, they think, only by the entombment of a living human being within its walls. The prevalence of this superstition is due to the efforts of Manolly's enemies to render impossible the completion of the work. Manolly's beautiful wife goes to the Prince to ask aid for him. The Prince promises to give money and influence if she will consent to be his. She at first refuses, with every expression of horror, his proposal, but is finally persuaded that her husband cares more for material success than for her; that she would serve him best by following the Prince's suggestion, and so promises to become the Prince's mistress on the day the cathedral shall be finished.

She has hardly given her word when Manolly, dagger in hand, springs into her presence. His enemies have told him she is with the Prince. The Princess, however, persuades him that his wife has done no wrong—a woman shows mercy to her rival. The compact between the Prince and Manolly's wife still holds. The Prince tries to help along the building of the cathedral. Still the work lags. In despair Manolly one day promises the workmen to entomb alive in the cellar the first person who appears before the unfinished cathedral the next morning. He goes to the cathedral early the next day. His wife follows him. As he turns and sees her the crisis of the action comes. He begs her in vain to retrace her steps. She goes to him. He leads her to a small, half-closed stone cell in the cellar, pushes her in and makes whole the wall with his own hands. The cathedral is completed. On the day of the consecration Manolly ascends the tower to admire its beauties. His dead wife's spirit appears to him; he throws himself from the window and is killed.

The last act of "Master Manolly" has not yet been committed to writing, but the Queen sketched it at length from memory of the details she had already decided to incorporate in it. She spoke and read for three hours in a smooth, clear, penetrating voice, without showing the slightest fatigue. After closing she and her guests discussed critically the dramatic merits of the piece and the best means of adapting it to the Burg Theater stage. Alexi, of the Metropolitan Opera-House, sang several of the Queen's poems set to music. Then the Queen read aloud one-act tragedy about an American duel, that is, as understood on the Continent, a duel in which two men at odds simply decide by lots which one shall kill himself. On the Continent most persons think this is the fashion. America of settling affairs of honor, and Carmen Sylva has unfortunately seen fit to adopt the misapprehension.

Composition of the Earth.

Mr. F. W. Clarke, of the Philosophical Society of Washington, has made the following estimate of the relative quantity of the chief elements in the composition of the earth. He assumes for the earth's known crust a thickness of ten miles below sea-level and included the ocean and the air in his calculation. Oxygen, 49.98 per cent; silicon, 25.30; aluminum, 7.96; iron, 5.08; calcium, 3.51; magnesium, 2.50; sodium, 2.28; potassium, 2.23; hydrogen, 0.94; manganese, 0.60; carbon, 0.21; chlorine and bromine, 0.15; phosphorus, 0.09; manganese, 0.07; sulphur, 0.04; barium, 0.03; nitrogen, 0.02; chromium, 0.01; tin, 0.00. It is calculated that these nine elements form 98 per cent of the mass of the earth. Titanium, which is popularly supposed to be very rare, is seldom absent from the older rocks, Mr. Clarke says; but having no striking characteristics and but little commercial importance, it is easily overlooked. — Toledo Blade.

Alaska Specimens.

The French newspapers report that Mr. Cotteau, who has been on a pleasure trip to Alaska this year, thinks the coast towns of that country are not at all behind fashionable watering-places in the number of souvenirs the natives offer to the confiding tourist. He says the Thlinket Indians of Wrangell spend much time watching for the steamer, and when they see its smoke in the distance they at once convert their houses into shops, where both the women and the men offer for sale all sorts of curiosities that they have manufactured to coax Alaska out of the pockets of travelers.

The Oldest Painting.

The most ancient painting of which the author is known and date ascertained is a portrait of Henry VIII. as a child, with his young brother Arthur and his sister Margaret. This was done by Jan Gossaert, called Mabuse. One of several copies, bearing date 1498, is in the gallery at Hampton Court. This celebrated artist received the name of Jan de Mabuse, from its being his birthplace; he lived from 1470 to 1532, and was court painter to Henry VIII. of England.

A GEOGRAPHICAL DISPLAY.

As Made at Brooklyn Museum.

Since early last spring the department of geography of the Brooklyn Institute has been engaged in collecting from leading countries geographical appliances used in schools and libraries. It secured for this enterprise the endorsement and co-operation of the scientific bureaus at Washington and of many prominent educators. It expects, says the New York Sun, to open the exhibition early next year. Nearly every steamer is bringing geographical products from Europe, and our own publishers and manufacturers intend to be well represented. Most of the famous geographical houses of Europe say they will take part in the exhibition. The collection will include maps, globes, etc., by the most famous producers of these articles in the world. Within the past two weeks the list of foreign contributors has had ten additions, and there is every prospect that sixty or more of the geographical houses of Europe will be represented.

It is intended to exhibit this collection first in Brooklyn and later in New York and other cities. It will then be returned to the Brooklyn Institute to form a permanent collection, where every one interested in studying and comparing the best products in the geographical line will have ample opportunity for doing so. The collection will be catalogued and so arranged as to facilitate examination and study.

The department is collecting from all over the world data relating to the position of geography in the schools and methods of geographical instruction. Over a thousand circulars containing lists of questions have been sent to educators with reference to this feature of the work. Voluminous information is being received, and these reports will be compiled and published. At it is expected that this publication will be of great assistance to teachers, and will advance the interests of geography in this country.

It is hoped to make this exhibition a leading educational feature in this country during the coming year, and the Brooklyn Institute is likely soon to possess a finer lot of geographical material than can be found in any similar collection in this country.

A NOVEL RAILROAD.

The Trains Hauled by Horses Instead of Engines.

The Southern Maryland railroad, whose engines were burned some months ago, which has since suspended operations, has again resumed. The resumption is only partial, however, says the Baltimore Sun, and the method of operation is unique and primitive. Horse power is now used instead of steam in transporting freight over the line of the Southern Maryland from Hughesville in Charles County to Brandywine in Prince George's County, about nine miles.

At the latter place connection is made with the Baltimore & Potomac road, and the freight that once reaches there can be transported without difficulty to any part of the country. To Mr. George I. Chapplear, a merchant at Hughesville, is due the credit of adopting the system now in vogue on the road. Mr. Chapplear is engineer, conductor, fireman, brakeman, baggage master, section hand, station agent, and furnishes a part of the motive power of the rejuvenated road.

Mr. Chapplear's method is as follows: He has procured two single trees, which are attached one to each side of the car. A horse is hitched to one of these, and using the sides of the track as a tow-path they are urged on by the lusty voice and strong cowhide whip of the conductor to pull the freight he has collected. The horses objected a little to the work at first but it is said that Mr. Chapplear has broken them to make the trip without much coaxing. On the line of road traversed there is a high trestle work about eighty feet long. This at first was a puzzle to the enterprising merchant, for his horses could not walk the cross-ties.

He overcame the difficulty, however, by un hitching the animals and leading them over the ground beneath the trestle. After securing them he returned, and with a strong crowbar pried the car over the bridge. After this the horses were hitched and all went smoothly and gayly on their way.

It is said that Mr. Chapplear has taken the contract to haul forty-two hundred cases of canned goods from Hughesville to Brandywine. He can carry a load of several tons and make the round trip in about eight hours.

STRIKES IN CHINA.

The Workmen Do Not Lose Very Much Time.

In China, as is well-known, things are topsy-turvy, and even workmen's strikes are different there from those in Western lands. Recently, says the London Times, a strike took place at the great arsenal at Kiangnan, where about two thousand men are employed. It appears that the custom has always been eight hours' work per day since that establishment was founded, over twenty years ago. The new director, considering this amount too little for the wages paid, resolved to increase it to nine hours. The workmen steadily refused. The majority were against the innovation, and the minority, who were in considerable force, were completely intimidated. Hence, on the morning when the new regulation was to commence, the steam was raised in the boiler, the whistle sounded, and the machinery was set in motion as usual, but not a workman dared to pass inside the gates to work. It looked at first as if this state of things might last for months, for both sides showed no symptoms of relenting. But things go by in China. In the afternoon the workmen, seeing that they made no impression on the directors, who would easily stop all work for an indefinite time, concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and gave in. "Eh! a day was all the time lost, and the workmen's work is now done as rapidly as if it had been the rule from the first."